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## CONTENTS.

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| MISS MARIE BREMA .. .. .   | 641  |
| CURRENT NOTES .. .. .  | 641  |
| THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG AND THE CONDITIONS<br>OF IDEAL MANHOOD.—By David Irvine .. .. | 646  |
| MORALS FOR MUSICIANS (No. 8) .. .. .   | 646  |
| DOINGS IN THE PROVINCES, &c. .. .. .   | 647  |
| CORRESPONDENCE .. .. .   | 647  |
| AS OTHERS SEE US .. .. .   | 648  |
| THE LUTE "MISSING WORD" COMPETITION .. ..  | 648  |

## MISS MARIE BREMA.

OUR portrait this month is that of Miss Marie Brema, a vocalist who has come to the front with remarkable rapidity during the comparatively short time that she has been before the public. For some time admired in Liverpool as an amateur singer and actress, she determined ultimately to enter the profession in earnest. She came to London, and musical people soon realised that an artist of exceptional endowments was among them. In 1891 she made her *début* in Opera at the Shaftesbury Theatre with Signor Lago, and had great success in "Orfeo" and other parts. In 1892 she toured in the provinces with Miss Macintyre, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Plunket Greene, M. Jean Gérardy, and others, and successes at the "Pops," the Symphony Concerts, the Crystal Palace, the Royal Albert Hall in Oratorio, and the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, rapidly followed. In 1893 Miss Brema appeared at various Concerts in Germany, making a deep impression by her fine voice and dramatic style, and attracting the attention of Madame Cosima Wagner, with the result that she appeared with enormous success at the Bayreuth Festival in 1894. This success she followed up by an equally great one at the Birmingham Festival in the autumn of the same year. In 1895 she made her *début* in the United States, appearing in German Opera with Mr. Damrosch's Company, and at various Concerts and Recitals. Messrs. Abbey and Grau secured her for their Italian and German Opera season in the United States in 1896, when she confirmed her previous triumphs. She has also appeared at some of the most important American musical festivals, and in Brussels, at the concerts of the celebrated Théâtre de la Monnaie. She is engaged at the Opéra Comique in Paris next spring. Every Bayreuth Festival since 1894 has included Miss Brema as one of its most honoured artists, and during the recent grand season of Opera in London she gained fresh admirers by her wonderful performances as Ortrud in "Lohengrin," Amneris in "Aïda," and in the later Wagnerian Operas.

## CURRENT NOTES.

THE early autumn has been unusually productive of comic opera in London. At no less than three large theatres this form of entertainment, which quite recently seemed unduly neglected, is in full swing as we go to press. "Rip Van Winkle" at Her Majesty's, "The Wizard of the Nile" at the Shaftesbury, and the well-timed revival of Offenbach's "La Périchole" at the Garrick would seem to indicate that the ever-growing appreciation of music among the masses has made its impression on theatrical managers, who have recognised that there is a demand for something less frothy than "Gaiety Girls," "Circus Girls," "Geishas," "Barmaids," and variety pieces of a similar class.

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OF the novelties the new version of "Rip Van Winkle," written by William Akerman and composed by Franco Leoni, is indubitably the most important. This is in fact a "grand opera" in so far as there is no spoken dialogue. We are fully alive to the great beauty of this production. It is admirably staged and for the most part bravely sung; it is picturesque in the highest degree; and the music is throughout extremely clever, interesting and engaging. But the libretto is its weak point. The author, Mr. Akerman, is evidently a very practical individual. The *scenarium* is mapped out as by a practised hand, but there occurs in its course no trace of that comic relief to which the subject legitimately lends itself. Most of us remember the late Mr. Fred Leslie in Planquette's opera of the same name, also Mr. Jefferson in the dramatised version of the story. We do not quarrel with Mr. Akerman for not having followed his predecessor in Planquette's opera—which was altogether a lighter affair—but we grieve to notice that, while evidently intending to be occasionally facetious, he never develops in his words anything but unconscious humour. What can be thought of a librettist's sense of the ridiculous who calmly prints the following:

VEDDER.—Neighbour, this is a ghostly place to hide in,  
I do not longer care to it abide in!

BURGOMASTER.—What nonsense, to be sure you talk!  
Pray, sir, continue with your walk.

"Continue with your walk" is good.

\* \* \*

HERE is another couplet, picked at random:

RIP.—He was my rival—I have not forgot  
How, when I won you, he relished it not.

Now these lines would seem to argue a lack of that refined taste which should be a *sine qua*

non in so ambitious a work. To do Mr. Akerman justice his lyrics to what may be called the set pieces, solos, duets, choruses, &c., are turned as a rule with roundness and skill, and for the other aspects of the opera there can be little except praise. The scenery is superb. The "waits" between the acts are commendably short, and the stage management is of a high order.

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MR. HEDMONDT, as the hero, gives a masterly and original study, worthy of his Tannhäuser. He is so juvenile in appearance during the two first acts—he looks about 25 though he has a daughter apparently aged 8 or 9—that one is surprised to find him so white-haired and decrepid at the age of 55 in the last act. But perhaps the 20 years of exposure in the Catskill mountains would tend to age a man rapidly, and some allowance must be made for the exigencies of dramatic contrast. Mr. Hedmond from beginning to end gives a thoughtful and delicately-conceived reading to his part. His air of *insouciance* is wonderfully assumed, and his singing, which has already embellished Wagner, is naturally preëminent amid the more than respectable support of a comic opera company. His words are so accurately pronounced as to be at times almost cruel to his librettist, as, for instance, when he sings: "I have not forgot how, when I won you, he relished it not"—a phrase which in the mouths of many singers might have been couched in Chinese for all the audience could tell. In this connection Mr. Homer Lind, as Derrick the lawyer, also shines. He sings and acts with nervous force and great effect. Miss Attalie Claire as Gretchen is a very sympathetic personage, but her voice is at times unduly tremulous.

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MR. FRANCO LEONI's music created an intensely favourable impression on a first hearing. That is to say, that it would most probably create an even more favourable impression on a second hearing. We were much charmed with many original touches in the scoring, with the general sonority of the orchestration, and the neat and dexterous manner in which individual numbers are rounded off. As an instance the *Coda* of the chorus, "Happy he who homeward hies," may be cited with unmixed approval. There are several very jolly tunes, for which we are much obliged, and there is throughout the opera an individuality of style that is quite refreshing. One of the best things in the piece is the scene between Rip and the "Spirit of the Mountains" (Miss Ross-Selwicke). Here the music to a *pas de fascination*—as our M. Jacobi would call it—is very happy, and Miss Ross-Selwicke surpassed herself in her graceful and unconventional, but supremely artistic dancing. But she had more than dancing to do, and this beautiful young lady acquitted

herself with the perfect taste and the easy assurance of a great dramatic actress.

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OF a much lighter character is the music to "The Wizard of the Nile," an amusing operetta which Mr. J. J. Dallas may be said to carry on his shoulders. The story is sufficiently entertaining and in some respects ingenious. The scene is laid in Egypt, and Ptolemy, Cleopatra, and Kibosh (Mr. Dallas) (who while described as a Persian magician, is apparently a very second-rate conjuror) are the principal characters. Cleopatra, Ptolemy's daughter, is loved by almost everybody, but she "knows nought of love," although in the last act she is found to be wearing a locket containing a miniature of Mark Antony. How she obtained this we could not make out, or what bearing, if any, this circumstance had upon the story. The libretto is by Harry B. Smith, and the music by Victor Herbert. The names of both these gentlemen were previously—to our shame be it spoken—unknown to us; but we rejoice to have made the acquaintance of Mr. Herbert's music, which is always agreeable and perfectly free from offence, even where it is least original. The *finale* of Act II. is quite Offenbachian in the tragi-comedy of its enthusiasm, and perhaps this is, on the whole, the best number in the score. Mr. Herbert has a suave gift of melody, and his accompaniments are always nicely written.

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THE opera is brilliantly mounted, and such individual performers as Mr. Charles Rock (Ptolemy), Mr. Harrison Brockbank (a music teacher), Mr. Dagnall (the Royal weather prophet), and Miss Amy Augarde (who excels as Simoona, Ptolemy's second wife), did all that was possible with their limited opportunities. Miss Augarde, in particular, acted and sang with fine effect, and one regretted that to so excellent a vocalist as she appeared to be, no solo was allotted. Miss Adele Ritchie was the heroine, Cleopatra, "who knows nought of love" at the period of her history selected by Mr. H. B. Smith. If historians are to be trusted, she seems to have remedied any such defect in her education a few years later. Miss Ritchie's vocal method is somewhat handicapped by the *vibrato* habit, but she acts well, and Mr. Dallas, as foreshadowed above, was invaluable in giving the production that necessary "go" and "snap" which this popular artist knows exactly how to convey. Among minor parts, the Myrza of Miss Dorothy Hanbury stood out, possibly because this lady's face is extraordinarily prepossessing.

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THE Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall opened on August 28th under the conductorship of Mr. Henry J. Wood, for a season of seven weeks. It is curious to notice the difference between audiences at Promenade Concerts of to-day and at those of only 10 years



ago. Now the attitude of the public is reverential, then it was—less so. Now the popping cork of the refreshment bar no longer insults the fainting *Smorzando*; then it did, too often. Now you cannot “promenade” if you would because the shilling public stand spell-bound in serried ranks during long overtures, and symphonic poems. Who then shall say that we are not advancing by leaps and bounds into the position of a musical nation?

\* \* \*

FOR OUR OWN part we think very strongly that Germany, who does not seem to find men to replace either Schumann, Wagner, or Brahms, must shortly abdicate the position she has so long arrogated to herself of being *par excellence* the musical nation of Europe. Austria too, where, in Vienna, they are enthusiastic over such things as “Der Evangelimann” must needs climb down. Indeed, Russia, if one may judge by the multitude of her national composers already popularised throughout Europe, would seem to be the coming great musical country; and England probably stands next.

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ACCORDING to *Musical Opinion* some musical critics in Berlin “have been publicly charged with accepting money as a direct bribe, and the scandal has reached the stage of a trial in the Courts. A certain Herr Tappert has admitted that he has sometimes taken money from artists whom it has been his duty to criticise. . . . Let us be thankful,” continues our contemporary, “for our own freedom from corruption. Our critics may in some cases be incompetent, but at least they are honest.”

\* \* \*

WITH the first part of the last sentence we cordially agree. As to the second we are not so sure. If English musical critics are all honest at present, matters have undergone a radical change since we were boys. Gifts (which were of course returned) have often been sent to the present writer by artists after a favourable notice of their performances, and the mere fact of sending them would seem to indicate that the senders could not conceive of absolutely disinterested praise. It is a small step from rewarding (!) flattering criticisms after the event to securing them before it. And instances have been known in which, when a suitable *acknowledgment* of a favourable review was not forthcoming, the subsequent reviews were no longer favourable, but rather—as Humpty Dumpty said—“contrariwise.” It is greatly to be feared that too many ordinary men and women in this wicked world have their price. There are many other most tempting bribes besides “chicken and champagne,” or even bank notes.

\* \* \*

A MUSICAL paper calls attention to a mistake made by “Ouida” (in her book “The

Massarenes”), who first talks of “Beethoven’s Sonata in E flat”—as if he wrote only one in that key—and later on describes the *same* work as “Beethoven’s Sonata in B flat.” Surely this is a venial mistake for “Ouida,” who has before now mentioned a chess-player who *castled* his, or her, we forget which, *adversary’s queen*! And, with regard to music, enough blunders have been made by novelists, male and female, to float a man-of-war. What we most love to read in a novel—or rather that which thrills us with the most pleasurable disgust—is the stock phrase, which describes the heroine as “passing her white hands lightly over the keys of the piano” prior to embarking upon a song. We know that light passage over the keys! We know its horror, and we recognise the kind of author with whom we have to deal.

\* \* \*

To reproduce “La Périhole,” one of Offenbach’s most typical comic operas, was a good idea, and one which, as we go to press, seems to have been crowned with complete success. The revival was rendered doubly interesting by the inclusion of Miss Florence St. John in the cast. She has too long been absent from the London stage, and her re-appearance at the Garrick Theatre was the signal for a flattering ovation. No living actress is so eminently adapted to shine in such parts as “La Périhole” as Miss St. John, and while time has dealt very gently with her personal attractions, her art, which was never far short of perfection, has been still further developed and matured.

\* \* \*

THERE is a peculiarity about the music of Offenbach which none of his followers have been able to imitate. “La Fille de Madame Angot,” “Rip Van Winkle”—Planquette’s operetta, not the work by Franco Leoni above described—“Olivette,” “Nell Gwynne,” and many charming pieces by the late Mr. Edward Solomon, have, in turn, met with varying measures of popularity. But none of these embody the magical atmosphere of Offenbach, or even faintly reflect his irresistible “go” and exquisite taste. He flourished in the palmy days of the third French Emperor, and his strains seem redolent of opulence, splendour, and may we add, a certain dainty naughtiness? His bacchanalian choruses, with their bustling, irresistible, and enthusiastic *elan* are things entirely apart from all other music. None but he has contrived to produce, by simple means, the electrical effect which he obtains by adding massed voices in the refrain of a solo song.

\* \* \*

THE list of his works is long. Among the best known are “La Grande Duchesse,” “Orphée aux Enfers,” “La Princesse de Trébizonde,” “Geneviève de Brabant,” and “La Périhole,” and they all contain, in a



marked degree, the sign manual, as it were, of Offenbach, and Offenbach alone. He may be said to have invented a special *genre* of comic opera, differing as widely as the poles from earlier or subsequent manifestations in the same direction. In his latest opera, "Les Contes de Hofmann," he set himself a task of more ambitious nature, but one in which he succeeded less completely. "Les Contes" is a very beautiful work—never as yet, we believe, heard in England—but in it he was evidently studying to prove his capacity for "higher things," rather than to repeat the triumphs which had already made him the idol of the public. There was no need for him to further prove his facility in the upper walks of composition. No one can listen to any one of his *finales* without recognising that all the resources of music were at his fingers' ends. In endeavouring to be important he, in "Les Contes," went perilously near becoming dull,—at least such is the recollection we preserve after hearing the opera many years ago in Paris.

\* \* \*

At that time, however, Wagner was only beginning to obtain a general hearing, and it may be that we should to-day greet with transport that which 15 years ago seemed heavy and lacking in the kind of melody and spontaneity to which Offenbach had accustomed us. If "Les Contes de Hofmann" were produced here to-morrow it would not be in the least surprising to find them creating as great a sensation as did "La Grande Duchesse" on her first appearance. But it would be the rising generation that would prove enthusiastic, and the middle-aged gentlemen whose retrospects are filled with wistful associations could hardly be expected to welcome the "later period" of Offenbach with the effusion which they manifested to Mlle. Schneider, the peerless Duchess of Gérolstein. All which goes to prove that one's convictions are apt to be crystallised upon one and become prejudices, and that in matters of a progressive art, such as music, the opinions of a man over 40 years of age should be received with a certain amount of caution.

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UNLESS, of course, he be a very extraordinary man; a man of vast and varied erudition, of receptive intelligence, of extreme conscientiousness, and of unerring judgment—a man, in fact, like the Editor of THE LUTE.

\* \* \*

THE plot of "La Périhole" is unquestionably of a very *risqué* kind, and in the original French contains some passages and situations calculated to startle the British matron. Even as attenuated by the dexterous hand of Mr. Alfred Murray the English version

is still slightly "suggestive." But the adapter deserves the utmost credit for having done his work without mutilating the story: and, after all, a public which can witness "Pink Dominoes" without conspicuous compunction can hardly cavil at the "Frenchiness" of "La Périhole."

\* \* \*

IN the title rôle Miss Florence St. John made a charming effect with the "Letter Song," embodying the melody of one of the simplest and most delightful waltzes ever written. Her sympathetic acting and her perfectly refined method were unspeakably refreshing after a long course of "musical plays." Mr. Ernest Ford ably conducted the band which played the accompaniments with more delicacy than we are accustomed to. Among the other characters Mr. John Le Hay as the Viceroy of Peru, Mr. Wilfred Howard as his Lord-in-Waiting, Mr. Fred Kaye as the Governor of Lima, and Mr. A. G. Poulton as the "Old Prisoner," deserve particular mention. The last named gave a truly diverting sketch of a decrepid but sanguine old gentleman who designed, in a matter of twenty years or so, to effect his freedom by operating on the masonry of his prison with his "little penky-knife."

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THERE is an admirable letter in the September number of *Musical Opinion* on the "Anglo-German Treaty of Commerce." The letter is dated from Leipsic and signed by Mr. Harry Brett. In the course of some trenchant remarks on the ruinous folly of Free Trade as hitherto practised in this country, Mr. Brett says, in connection with the new commercial understanding between England and Canada: "It is in no spirit of malice or animus against our German Cousins that I heartily rejoice to find the dear old Mother Country once more entitled to walk among the sane." We are delighted to learn also that, in the opinion of the Germans, German industries will be damagingly affected by internal arrangements between this country and her various colonies. Mr. Brett proceeds: "Hundreds of German and notably Saxon instrument factories cannot exist—or even vegetate—without English and American customers. . . . Let old Albion but stand firm to the principle of 'Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,' and then, but not till then, will the Utopian idea of free trade have a chance of a fair innings. . . . I most emphatically protest against seeing my native land crowded out of the field by unfair competition which she has herself invited, and, indeed, called into life." And so say all of us.

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IT is high time that the scales fell from our eyes. We have ruined, and actually annihilated, the sugar bakers of this country, and every day we were driving other industries

from our shores. Tons of music published in London is printed in Germany, and we believe that the very pencils supplied to our Government offices are manufactured by a German firm. An experiment was all very well, but we have been at this suicidal game for thirty years. Surely when its folly has been demonstrated, the moment has arrived to review the position. As an immortal German broker said the other day upon the London Stock Exchange, when he thought he was being rather uncomfortably hustled: "I do not mind sometimes to play, but *always, never!*"

\* \* \*

THE Grand Wagner Concerts under the direction of Mr. Schultz-Curtius will be six in number, commencing on November 9th at Queen's Hall, London. The dates are as follows: November 9th and 16th, December 7th (1897), April 26th, May 17th, and June 16th (1898). The concerts will again be carried through on the scale of Orchestral Festivals. Herr Felix Mottl will conduct four of these concerts, while Herr Richard Strauss and Herr Felix Weingartner will make their *débuts* during the series. Herr Hermann Levi has also promised to conduct one of Mr. Schultz-Curtius' Concerts so soon as his health will permit. Each department of the orchestra will be completely equipped with the special instruments required by Wagner, some of which have been expressly constructed for these concerts. Extra rehearsals will be held in order to ensure the highest possible results. At the first concert Herr Van Rooy, who achieved so remarkable a success as Wotan, and Madame Marie Brema the accomplished Kundry and Fricka at the recent Bayreuth Festival, will appear. At the second concert Madame Gulbranson, the now celebrated Brünnhilde, will sing songs by Grieg. At the third concert Herr Richard Strauss will make his first and only appearance in England, and conduct two of his own works. The programmes of the 1898 concerts will be announced later.

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AN excellent Photogravure Portrait of Herr Anton Seidl, the eminent conductor, was issued as a supplement with the issue of our weekly contemporary *The Musician*, dated September 29th.

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SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN is at work upon an opera in collaboration with Messrs. Pinero and Comyns Carr. The subject cannot, of course, be divulged at present. Sir Arthur also hopes to write a cantata for next year's Leeds Festival.

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IN the November number of *THE LUTE* it may be possible to give an account of Humperdinck's latest opera "*Königskinder*," which it is hoped will be produced this month

at the Court Theatre. Mr. Carl Armbruster has already begun to rehearse the work and has himself translated the libretto from the original German. Arrangements are to be made for a larger orchestra than is usually found room for at the Court Theatre, and if "*Königskinder*" achieves only one-half the success of "*Hänsel und Gretel*" the authorities may be congratulated on their perspicacity. In any event the public will be indebted to them for their enterprise, and the production will be eagerly looked forward to.

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A SERIES of Symphony Concerts will be given at the Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoons, commencing October 30th, and continuing, with a break during the Christmas Holidays, until March 19th, 1898. Mr. Wood, now perhaps the most popular conductor in England, will direct a band of ninety performers.

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MADAME NORDICA leaves Europe to-morrow, October 2nd, for a tour in the United States. Forty concerts have already been arranged for her. Everyone will be pleased to learn that she is almost entirely restored to health after her very severe illness.

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At the Hereford Festival Dr. Parry's setting of the *Magnificat* ranked high among the novelties. There were three in all. Mr. Elgar's *Te Deum* and *Benedictus*, Dr. C. H. Lloyd's "Hymn of Thanksgiving for the Queen's Long Reign," and Dr. Parry's work above named. Mr. Elgar was powerful and to some extent original in his sacred task, and Dr. Lloyd was as usual musicianly. But the latter was not heard at his best, and his strains too often suggested the perfunctory rather than the inspired. The "Hymn of Thanksgiving" lacked the spontaneity of his "Song of Balder," and apparently the subject did not appeal to him with any very exceptional force. He would appear to have been in much the same position as a Poet Laureate who, however disinclined he may feel, is expected to burst into song when certain circumstances arise in connection with Royalty.

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THE Poet Laureate for the time being may and often has acquitted himself with distinction on these occasions. But even we ourselves might make the judicious grieve if we were obliged to compose an ode, say, on the appearance of another great-grandchild of the Queen.

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DR. PARRY'S *Magnificat* was a beautiful piece of work. It was full of scholarly resource, and the Latin words for "Abraham and his seed for ever" formed the subject of a brilliant fugue. The concluding "Gloria" showed the

composer at his best. Miss Anna Williams sang for the last time at Hereford, and Miss Marie Brema sang for the first time. Her rendering of "He was despised," from "The Messiah," was superb in its finish and devotional feeling. Mr. Sinclair conducted, and to his untiring care is due much of the success of the Festival of the Three Choirs.

## THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG AND THE CONDITIONS OF IDEAL MANHOOD.

BY DAVID IRVINE.

THE aim of Wagner was to make mankind happier, and art purer; to reform the world, to cast down the barriers of caste, to abolish conventional morality, and to make the theatre contribute to the *emotionalising of the intellect*, also to the ennobling of manners and taste. Wagner was an enthusiast, or he would never have ventured on such a utopian task; and he was thoroughly sincere, or he would never have had the courage to pursue a course which created enemies at every step, and which made the world regard him, as, indeed, it has always regarded earnest reformers, as a wild schemer, if not a madman.

Mr. Irvine reproduces the article entitled "The Revolution," written by Wagner for the Dresden *Volksblätter* in 1849, and also a speech delivered by him in the previous year at a meeting of the political "Fatherland" society, also at Dresden. Wagner advocates revolution: the state is corrupt, and must be destroyed; or to quote his own words, "all that exists must perish." Once the bad got rid of, he thought the world would be all goodness, prosperity, happiness; no more sin, no more sorrow; a millennium, in fact, such as had been dreamed of by Jewish prophet, Greek sage, and many a philosopher of more modern days. He wanted men to work and enjoy the fruits of their labour, not for the many to be the slaves of the few. Wagner was a thorough-going optimist, and only later in life did he learn that human affairs were not so easily to be settled. We have, however, to note, not the reasonableness or the reverse of the scheme, but the nature of it. Wagner wanted to change the existing order of things because, in his opinion, it made for selfishness, insincerity, and unproductiveness.

Then in his great drama selfishness and insincerity are the two vices against which he wages fierce war. And in Siegfried and Brünnhilde he draws a picture of ideal man and ideal woman. Alberich represents a low, coarse, type of selfishness. Wotan, again, displays egoism in having Walhalla built by the giants for his safety, while in his subsequent actions he shows himself incapable of maturing

good intentions. "He," says Mr. Irvine, "who had bargained with the giants, he who had stooped to pay off his obligations to them by associating himself with the basest acts of fraud and robbery and violence, could not judicially protect the spirit of freedom and love which he had propagated."

Mime, of course, is the very incarnation of selfishness. The mention of the last-named reminds us of our author's tendency to inveigh against the Church and against those who sit in high ecclesiastical places. There is certainly point and pungency in his criticisms, but—we hope he will excuse the remark—he seems to take a certain pleasure in pointing out weaknesses. And as very few come within measurable distance of the Great Ideal, the pleasure is a cheap one. "Mime," we are told, for instance, "is the craft which finds its best soil in the Church, impressing every one in early youth, before judgment is ripe, with the belief that it is a spiritual father and mother."

In the interesting chapter, "The Drama," we are glad to find that our author in speaking of the union of the arts as conceived by Wagner, refers to the "pitiable nonsense" indulged in by Nordau in his "Degeneration." That book has been widely read, and many readers not having studied Wagner's literary works—for which, indeed, much time and very much patience are needed—might imagine that the theory of the Bayreuth master had been victoriously demolished. Mr. Irvine answers Nordau by an apt quotation from Wagner. We indeed wish that he had exposed the "nonsense" at still fuller length.

One may not, perhaps, agree with every statement in the last chapter, entitled "The Music," but Mr. Irvine is well acquainted with his subject, and all he says deserves attention. —*The Musician*.

## MORALS FOR MUSICIANS.

### NO. 8. A THOROUGH ARTIST.

THERE were once two brothers whom Nature had endowed with fine voices. Their names were Alfred and Benjamin. On arriving at years of indiscretion they both, regardless of their father's threats and their mother's tears, insisted as vocalists upon embracing the Musical Profession. For a long time the Musical Profession failed to return their caresses. But one day a distinguished Publisher who, curiously enough, combined concert-giving with his retail trade, wrote a polite note asking Alfred to come and see him. Imagining that he had now set his foot upon the first rung of Success's ladder, Alfred punctually kept the appointment. But he was intensely chagrined to find that the Publisher merely designed to give him an engagement in



the event of his being willing to sing a vulgar song by an illiterate author and an amateur composer.

"Sir," exclaimed Alfred, "you ask too much! I would be proud to sing for you any classical piece or decent ballad until further orders or up to the moment when the cows might see fit to return. But I should be ashamed to pronounce such words as those you offer me, and not even my singing could for an instant dignify the ignorantly harmonised rehash of old third-rate tunes which you appear to regard as music."

"As you please!" returned the Publisher, who, beyond frowning like a thunder storm and wildly gesticulating with his office ruler, did not betray the slightest symptom of annoyance. "As you please! I presume that our interview is at an end?"

A few days later brother Benjamin occupied the chair in the same Publisher's *Sanctum*, which brother Alfred had so egregiously disgraced. But Benjamin was all smiles. He said the music was "very pretty," and he "liked the words." This particular song was called, "Lord, help us!" and it has run through 250,000 editions. Upon each copy Benjamin has a royalty. He has sung it more than 2,000 times and he keeps a carriage, and sings at all the Festivals. He does not forget Alfred in his prosperity. The latter is often allowed to open the mineral waters when Royalty, or the De Reszkes, or the musical critic of the *Sunday Retrospect* come to supper with Benjamin, and Alfred is useful, too, in playing the accompaniments for prominent *prime donne* who may condescend to enliven the proceedings with vocal selections.

This fable shows that it is infinitely better to be an Alfred than a Benjamin. The one may preserve some self-respect, the other can not.

#### DOINGS IN THE PROVINCES, &c.

\* \* \* Correspondents are implored to write distinctly, especially proper names, and on one side of the paper only.

GLASGOW.—Since last going to press musical matters in Glasgow are still *in statu quo* with the exception that Mr. Walton, the Cathedral organist, has finished a short series of four recitals, with much acceptance to the musical public.—The soloists for the forthcoming concert in the Cathedral (Spohr's "Last Judgment" and selections from "Judas") are Miss A. Holding, Mr. James Wood, and Mr. Atherton Smith, who all make their first appearance at the Choral Union Concerts.—In addition to those mentioned last month, Messrs. Paterson, Sons & Co. have arranged for a Recital on the 19th of October, with Messrs. Halstead and Kosman, piano and violin, in the Queen's Rooms. This ought to

secure a good house.—The various musical societies are busy selecting works for the season, of which we hope to be able to say more next month.—The "Glasgow Select Choir," conductor Mr. Millar Craig, appeared before the Queen at Balmoral on Friday, September 24th—by command. This is the third time this choir has been so honoured, twice under the late Mr. Lambeth, and now under Mr. Millar Craig.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LUTE."

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM SMALLWOOD.

Sir,—I write as an old subscriber to your interesting paper, and am anxious to pay a slight tribute (as an old friend) to one unhappily taken from us, I refer to the late William Smallwood. To those who knew him his memory will never cease. My acquaintance with him has always been of the happiest description. Speaking of him as a musician I would say that he knew perfectly the standard at which he aimed; it was not a high one, some will say, and that is true, he only wanted perfect simplicity and that he achieved. In his sacred works he took a few passages of Holy Writ and conjoined to them the gift of melody that was bestowed on him, and no one can gainsay that tunefulness was denied him; his secular works are too well known to enlarge upon.

I do not speak of his efforts from a high musicianly point of view (indeed, I am not capable of doing so), but there has always been something in his work that has commended itself to almost every Anglican Church and Nonconformist Chapel in this country in their services.

Many musicians scoff at his compositions, but as an eminent publisher told me the other day, "his works sell." Into the mercantile side of the subject I do not enter, but perhaps the very simplicity of his works will ensure them a longer life than many more ambitious efforts are destined to attain.

Putting aside Art, one of the sweetest and genial of men has passed away. His memory will always be cherished by those who have had the privilege of his friendship and by none more than,

Yours truly,

ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

London, 26th August.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LUTE."

Dear Sir,—I am very pleased with your last issue of *THE LUTE*. I have taken your paper since its commencement, and shall do so,

particularly if you try to send more male voice glees, as I am conducting a society of male voices.

I am yours, &c.,

J. C. GREEN.

22, Back Garden Street, Wakefield,  
September 19th, 1897.

[We are gratified by Mr. Green's appreciation, and shall always endeavour to study his and all other subscribers' requirements. The choice of the musical supplement must, however, be governed by circumstances.—ED. LUTE.]

### AS OTHERS SEE US.

"TO ALL MUSICIANS. — THE LUTE for September will be found as interesting as any previous number. An excellent photograph and biography of Mlle. Elsa Rüegger, the noted 'celloist, memoir of the late Mr. Wm. Smallwood, and many other items of useful information to all lovers of the art."—*Staffordshire Chronicle*, September 11th.

"Here is the kind of thing that stands for critical judgment in our contemporary THE LUTE:—

"The Tonic Sol-fa business, though useful enough in Wales and places where they sing, has little permanent value. The chief drawback of the system is that persons who are Tonic Sol-faists have only the limited *répertoire* of such music as has been arranged for them to work upon. The great bulk of musical treasures are to them a sealed book. And, again, it is hardly more trouble to master the ordinary notation than it is to learn the Tonic Sol-fa. To multitudes the Tonic Sol-fa may be easy of apprehension, but those who wish to pursue their investigations must begin to learn all over again. If singing of the kind that would satisfy, say Mr. Gladstone, were all that should be aimed at, the Tonic Sol-fa is grand; but infant school teachers can drum music into their young charges without any notation at all, and if you are by way of teaching people music, why shunt them off, as it were, on to a branch line which practically leads nowhere? In this matter we and Sir Alexander Mackenzie are at one. We do not desire to be rude, but we cannot place our hands upon our hearts, and say that we love the Tonic Sol-fa Scheme. It is a mouldy attempt at simplicity in musical art, and involves about the same amount of deceptive plausibility as does Radicalism in politics.' To squeeze politics into a musical discussion is ingenious, but for a jumble of rash statements, this paragraph would be hard to beat."—*The Musical Herald*, September 1st.

[We are obliged to *The Musical Herald* (unearthed for us by the excellent and inde-

fatigable Romeike) for thus reproducing at length one of our very best paragraphs. Though written in July last it seems scarcely capable of improvement, and it is really a pleasure to read it over again. Our worthy contemporary is wise in refraining from particularising its "rash statements." The compliment on our ingenuity in having squeezed politics (did we?) into a musical discussion is not altogether deserved. To do so would not be conspicuously ingenious. Bless you, dear *Musical Herald*, we have done harder things than that before now. But of course we are not ingenious enough to squeeze sense into the heads of Tonic Sol-fadists.—ED. LUTE.]

### THE LUTE "MISSING WORD" COMPETITION.

THE prize offered last month was yet more largely competed for than those of the two previous months, and we are encouraged to again offer a prize to the finder of one more "missing word." The correct solution of the September puzzle is:

*It is a great pity that so many prominent vocalists should be content to sing the trivialities of thoughtless composers.*

We regret to have to add that the word not in italics was not supplied by any one of our readers. A great number selected the word "works," and Mr. A. E. Davies, of 4, Church Street, Barlow Moor Road, Didsbury, came nearer than anybody else with "absurdities." Mrs. Thomas, 21, Wakefield Street, Regent Square, London, was short, sharp, and decisive in guessing "drivel," which might have suited the case had we not expressly stated that "abusive terms are most unlikely to succeed." While sorry that we cannot award a prize on this occasion we wish "better luck next time" to our solvers, and herewith present them with another sentence. Once more we offer a prize of ten shillings to the guesser of the word represented by a dash in the following:

The ——— of "*La Périchole*" is most welcome.

If more than one correct answer be sent in, the money will be divided among those guessing rightly. Anyone may send in as many different answers as he or she pleases, but each guess must be accompanied by this paragraph cut or torn from this month's LUTE, and received at this office on or before October 20th.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters connected with the literary department of this Journal must be addressed to the EDITOR, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W.

Communications intended for insertion will receive no notice unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

The EDITOR cannot undertake to return articles of which he is unable to make use, unless stamps are enclosed.

All business letters should be addressed to the PUBLISHERS.

Advertisements should reach the Office of the PUBLISHERS, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W., not later than the 20th in order to be inserted in the issue of the month current.





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FLUTE." No 178.

Also published separately. PRICE 3d

# "SING TO THE LORD"

## Anthem.

To  
E.W. CRAWLEY  
Esq.

R. M. HARVEY.

LONDON:  
PATEY & WILLIS, 44 Gt MARLBOROUGH ST, W.

108.) *f* *cheerfully.*

Sing to the Lord with a voice of thanks-giv - ing, Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, and

Sing to the Lord with a voice of thanks-giv - ing, Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, and

let the chil.dren of Si - - on be joy - ful in their King.

let the chil.dren of Si - - on be joy - ful in their King.

*ff*

Young men and mai - dens, old men and children, praise ye the name of the Lord.

Young men and mai - dens, old men and children, praise ye the name of the Lord.

*(ad lib)*

*ff*

*Ped*

Praise Him ac - cord - ing to His ex - cel - lent greatness Praise Him with lute and harp.

Praise Him ac - cord - ing to His ex - cel - lent greatness Praise Him with lute and harp.

*(ad lib)*

*ff*

Great is the Lord, great is His pow'r Yea, and His wis - dom is in - fi - nite.

Great is the Lord, great is His pow'r Yea, and His wis - dom is in - fi - nite.

LUTE. N<sup>o</sup> 178.

Sing to the Lord with a voice of thanks-giv-ing Sing to the Lord Sing to the Lord

Sing to the Lord with a voice of thanks-giv-ing Sing to the Lord Sing to the Lord, to the

Sing to the Lord with heart and voice, Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.

Sing to the Lord with heart and voice, Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.

Lord

*ff*

*rall.* *a little slower.* *p*

## BASS SOLO.

*p* Love—Di—vine, all—love—ex—cel—ling,

*smoothly.*



LUTE, N<sup>o</sup> 173.

## CHORUS.

Love Di - vine, all  
Joy of Hea - ven to earth come down. Love Di - vine, all

love ex - cel - ling Joy of Hea - ven to earth come down.  
love ex - cel - ling Joy of Hea - ven to earth come down.

## SOLO.

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwelling, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.

## CHORUS.

*cres.* *accel.*  
*m* Thee would we be al - ways bless - ing Serve Thee as Thy  
*cres.* *accel.*  
Thee would we be al - ways bless - ing Serve Thee as Thy  
*accel.*

hosts a - bove. **SOLO.** *cres. quicker.*

hosts a - bove. *mf* Pray — and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing

*cres. quicker.* *mf* *quicker.*

**CHORUS.** *cres.* *accel.*

Great is the Lord, great is His pow'r Yea, and His

*f* Great is the Lord, *cres.* *accel.* great is His pow'r, Yea, and His

*f accel.* Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.

*accel.* *cres:* *accel.*

wis - dom is in - fi - nite.

wis - dom is in - fi - nite.

*cres - cen - do*

*accel.*

## LUTE. Nº 173.

*ff*

Oh en - - ter then His gates with praise Ap -

*ff*

Oh en - - ter then His gates with praise Ap -

(♩ = 82)

*ff*

- proach with joy His courts un - to, Praise, laud, and bless His

- proach with joy His courts un - to, Praise, laud, and bless His

name al - ways For it is seem - ly so to do.

name - al - ways For it is seem - ly so to do.

*ff*



LUTE. No 178.

7

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, the middle is a vocal line in bass clef, and the bottom is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are: "To Fa - ther, - Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The". The piano part features a series of chords and a melodic line. The system ends with a double bar line and a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking.

To Fa - ther, - Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The

To Fa - ther, - Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The

G: reus *ff*

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, the middle is a vocal line in bass clef, and the bottom is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are: "God whom Heav'n and earth a - dore From men and from the an - gel". The piano part features a series of chords and a melodic line. The system ends with a double bar line and a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking.

God whom Heav'n and earth a - dore From men and from the an - gel

God whom Heav'n and earth a - dore From men and from the an - gel

reed in

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, the middle is a vocal line in bass clef, and the bottom is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are: "host Be praise and glo - ry - e - - ver more. - - - Be". The piano part features a series of chords and a melodic line. The system ends with a double bar line and a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking.

host Be praise and glo - ry - e - - ver more. - - - Be

host Be praise and glo - ry e - - ver more. - - - Be

## LUTE. No 178.

*ff accel.* *accel.*

praise and glo - - ry be praise and glo -

*ff accel.* *accel.*

praise and glo - - ry be praise and glo -

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, starting with a forte (ff) dynamic and an acceleration (accel.) marking. It contains the lyrics 'praise and glo - - ry be praise and glo -'. The middle staff is a vocal line in bass clef, also starting with ff and accel., with the same lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, starting with ff and accel., featuring chords and moving lines. The system concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

*rall.* *fff rall.*

- ry for e - ver - more For e - ver - more for e - -

*rall.* *fff rall.*

- ry for e - ver - more For e - ver - more for e - -

*Ped.* *rall.*

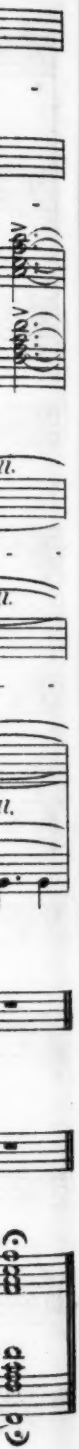
The second system continues the musical score. The vocal parts (top and middle staves) are marked with a rallentando (rall.) and a fortissimo (fff) dynamic. The lyrics are '- ry for e - ver - more For e - ver - more for e - -'. The piano accompaniment (bottom staff) also features a rallentando and fortissimo, with a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking. The system ends with a sustained chord in the piano part.

- ver - more. \_\_\_\_\_

- ver - more. \_\_\_\_\_

*fff a tempo*

The third system shows the continuation of the piece. The vocal parts have lines for the lyrics '- ver - more.' followed by a long horizontal line indicating a sustained note or breath. The piano accompaniment (bottom staff) begins with a fortissimo (fff) dynamic and an 'a tempo' marking, returning to a regular tempo. It features a series of chords and moving lines, ending with a final chord.







MASTER BRUNO STEINDEL.